*Prince* She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

*Leonato* O Lord, my lord, if they were but a weeke married, they would talke themselues madde.

*Prince* Countie Claudio, when meane you to goe to church?

*Clau.* To morow my lord, Time goes on crutches, til Loue haue all his rites.

*Leonato* Not til monday, my deare sonne, which is hence a iust seuennight, and a time too briefe too, to haue al things answer my mind.

*Prince* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee Claudio, the time shall not go dully by vs, I wil in the interim, vndertake one of Hercules labors, which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall giue you direction.

*Leonato* My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

*Claud.* And I my Lord.

*Prince* And you too gentle Hero?

*Hero* I wil do any modest office, my lord, to help my cosin to a good husband.

*Prince* And Benedicke is not the vnhopefullest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, he is of a noble strain, of approoued valour, and confirmde honesty, I will teach you how to humour your cosin, that she shall fal in loue with Benedicke, and I, with your two helpes, wil so practise on Benedicke, that in dispight of his quicke wit, and his queasie stomacke, he shall fall in loue with Beatrice: if we can do this, Cupid is no longer an Archer, his glory shall bee ours, for we are the onely loue-gods, goe in with mee, and I will tell you my drift. *exit.*

*Enter Iohn and Borachio.*

*Iohn* It is so, the Counte Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

*Bora.* Yea my lord, but I can crosse it.

*Iohn*



*Iohn* Any barre, any cr
cinable to me, I am sicke in
comes athwart his affectio
canst thou crosse this marr

*Bor.* Not honestly my
nesty shall appeare in me.

*Iohn* Shew me briefely

*Bor.* I thinke I told you
I am in the fauour of Mar
Hero.

*Iohn* I remember.

*Bor.* I can at any vnseas
her to looke out at her ladi

*Iohn* What life is in that

*Bor.* The poison of th
the prince your brother,
wronged his honor in mar
estimation do you mightil
such a one as Hero.

*Iohn* What proofe shall

*Bor.* Proofe enough, to
to vndoe Hero, and kill
issue?

*Iohn* Onely to dispight

*Bor.* Go then, find me a
the Counte Claudio alone
loues me, intend a kind of
(as in loue of your brother
and his friends reputation,
the semblance of a maid, th
scarcely beleeue this witho
shall beare no lesse likelih
window, heare me call Ma
Claudio, & bring them to
tended wedding, for in the
ter, that Hero shal be absen
ing truth of Heroes disloy

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